Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,

Poines Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giu me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men grown out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three miſ-begotten knaues, in kendal greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me for it was ſo darke, Hal, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a moũtaine, opẽ palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in Kendall greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaieſt thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

Fal. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſiõ? if reaſons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hil of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elfskin, you dried neats-tong, buls-pizzel, you ſtockefiſh: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe compariſõs, heare me ſpeak but thus

Poi. Marke, Iacke.

Pri. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure, & bound them, & were maſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhal put you downe: then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a word,

word, outfac't you from your
it you here in the houſe. & Fa
way as nimbly, with as quick
ſtill run & roare, as euer I hear
to hack thy ſword as thou ha
What tricke? what deuice? wh
find out, to hide thee from this

Poin. Come lets heare, Iacke

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye
heare you, my maſters, was it f
ſhould I turne vpon the true P
as valiant as Hercules: but, bew
touch the true Prince, inſtinct
on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the b
my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, a
by the Lord, lads, I am glad yo
to the doores, watch to night,
boyes, hearts of gold, al the titl
you. What ſhall we be merri
pore:

Prin. Content, & the argum

Fal. A, no more of that Hal

Ho. O Ieſu, my Lord the Pr

Prin. How now my Lady the

Ho. Marry, my L. there is a
would ſpeake with you: he ſaie

Prin. Giue him as much, as
ſend him back againe to my mo

Fal. What manner of man

Ho. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out
giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee do, Iacke. Fal. F

Prin. Now ſirs, birlady you fo
did you Bardol, you are Lyons t
you wil not touch the true Prin

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw o